PERCHANCE.

BY ST. GROBOR BEST.

There is a word that stirs the heart— Be it the peasant's or the pear's,— Wita semething of the megic art Possessed by Chalden's ancient seems

It has the power to move the soul
With uncertainty and with dread,
And leaves, despite our self-control,
The inner man df-quieted.

We climb, as 'twere, Elyrian heights, Attended by the 'ngel Love; We back in Prope's unfold delights, and fain, were't ours, would farther rove.

We conjure blissful visions up Of Happiness well-nigh supreme; But ere we taste the glowing cup. That word pronounced, dispels our dream.

The lover when he bids adjen,
L.v. murniurs while his eggrows dim,
L.ve. shall I meet sgain with you?—
Perchance, she faint replies to him.

The husband when he mounts for war,
Makes answer to the voice which saith:—
Thou wilt return without a -car,
Perchance, then pales and hold his breeth. He of the learned brow, whose face
The mother scans with auxious glance,
The safety of her habe to trace—
Fp aks worlds what time he speaks Perchs

One waiting with her unborn child, Her measured season to fulfill, Shudders to think how much is piled In that one word, of good or all.

Perchance! we hear it when we muse if Love will build with ussome day; Perchance! it falls like deadly news Burne to some waiting heart away.

Perchance! it is the mock of joy,
I he dread handwriting on the wall,
And which, if we presume to toy,
Will turn life's every sweet to gall.

Perchance! it is our waking gheet,

It is the Banquo at our feast; We dread its subtle power the most, We feel that subtle power the least

THE INSIDE PASSENGER.

"I wonder if the coach is never com-The thermometer was nearly at zero: snow and sleet were eddying through the air, and the last vestige of daylight was fast fading out of the wintry sky—and Rachel Hall, walking up and down, up and down, the dismal waiting-room of the little country inn, where the train had left her was heringing like all but only a harber's dummar creeter at the mouchoirs is French for stockings? It seems to me we didn't call them that last week!

Husband—Oh, yes, we did! Recollect it perfectly; nine pairs of mouchoirs is French for stockings? It seems to me we didn't call them that last week!

Husband—Oh, yes, we did! Recollect it perfectly; nine pairs of mouchoirs with the back of his shaggy with the bar-room fire, emerged into the scene.

"I can tell you, miss," said he, wiping his mouth with the back of his shaggy sleeve. "It ain't no human creeter at the work of the wintry sky was heritaged into the scene.

"I can tell you, miss," said he, wiping his mouth with the back of his shaggy sleeve. "It ain't no human creeter at the work of the wintry sky was a beginning like all but only a barber's dummy as White.

grow weary."
"Is the coach often as late as this?" said she to the iandlady, a motherly-looking woman, with cherry cheeks and

weather's ag'in it now. Slippery roads, and sleet like so many pins and needles, And he briskly hauled is hard, miss, on both men and horses.' her monotonous promenade up and down least twice the length of life.
the long room. For she had a deal to Rachel broke out into

naturally active.

She was a slight, dark-eyed girl of six She was a slight, dark-eyed girl of six or seven-and-twenty, with a clear pale skin, her hair growing low on her forehead, and a deep dimple growing in the know White & Co.'s dummy from a man. very center of her chin—not pretty, but singularly attractive. And she was go-enough. Now, then, with the fresh ing to a little village up among mountains to take the place of assistant teacher in an establishment that went by the euphonious title of St. Adelgitha's further adventure.

Academy. St. Adelgitha's Academy was a dreary and desolate place, and the salary was chill and darkness without a shudder.
by no means large; but Rachel Hail had learned what it was to be homeless and

She had given music lessons, she had made wax flowers, she had stood behind a counter from daylight to dark, she had even applied, in vair, for a situation

And just as she was making up her mind to starve quietly to death came this offer, extended through the influence of an old professor who had known her once, and Rachel Hall had grasped at it as a dying man grasps at a straw.
"I must succeed," she told herself
over and over. "I will succeed, if I
have to sit up all night long to keep my-

self well in advance of the pupils. For Rachel had as brave a heart beating within her bosom as if she had been the heroine of a novel, instead of a poor little hard-working school-teacher. As these thoughts crossed through her mind there was the crushing of wheels without, and the coach rumbled into view, its lamps shining luridly through the storm and darkness like the eyes of some antediluvian monster. The landlady opened t'e door.

"Now, miss, if you're ready," said she. And, helf-blinded by the contrast between the lighted room and the sleety gloom of the road, Rachel hurried out. "Are there any other inside passen-

you please, miss. behind now."

"Cannot I have a light inside here?" said Rachel, seating herself rather reluctantly among the cushions of the

altogether safe, what with the straw, the leather linin', and all."

With this the Jehu once more climbed up on his airy height, where a taciturn companion sat slapping his hands across his chest to keep himself warm, and poor Rachel sank shuddering back into the musty-smelling recess of the coach, rather wondering that her fellow traveler, whose figure she could dimly dis-cern in the other corner, spoke no word

of comment or greeting.

To be sure she was a stranger, but was there not always a sort of Freemasonry of courtesy between travelers?
"No doubt he is a sour old thrope!" said she to herself.

And she sat very quiet, for fear she should disturb him. Presently, however, the silence began

to grow almost appalling.
"I will speak," thought Rachel; and, with a preliminary clearing of the throat, she began, "This is a terribly rough road, sir.

this was some poor lunatic, whom they were transporting to the private asylum at Geneva Heights?"

And at the very idea her blood began to run chill through her veins. Should she stop the stage?—should she call aloud

Just then they rumbled past the lights of a toll-gate, and from the one swift glance which Rachel was enabled to take, she could perceive that the figure diagonally opposite her was wrapped in a traveling rug, and it reclined stiffly, as if it were perfectly rigid, and that the face was deadly pallid, and without a

And then with lightning suddenness it flashed upon her that she was shut up in the same place with-a dead man! In vain she tugged at the check-string and rattled at the door—the forstring and rattled at the door—the for-mer was broken beyond all possibility of use, and the noise and jolting of the wheels entirely drowned all other sounds. On went the stage rattling down a de-scent af if some unseen flend were at the horses' heels, and poor Rachel crouched down in her corner of the stage, pale and palpitating, with a dew of cold terror breaking out upon her forehead, and eyes close shut to avoid the ghastly sight ourosite.

the ghastly sight opposite.

But there is an end to all things, even to a waking nightmare like this, and in the course of time the stage came to a stop, the driver once more descended from his seat and flung open the door. "Haif-way house, miss," said he.
"Hadn't you better step out and have a
warm while we're changing horses?"
More dead than alive Rachel stumbled

out, clinging to the arm of the driver.
But the instant she felt herself free, with the lights of the wayside hostelry shining on her face, and the welcome sound of human voices once more in her

ears, she plucked up resolve. 'Sir," said she to the landlord who stood beaming on the threshold, "to you I appeal for protection and help! There is some horrible mystery here!"
"Eh?" said the landlord, opening his

eyes and mouth simultaneously.
"For the sake of humanity," persisted Rachel, "look after the other inside passenger. See who he is, and

But at these words the man who had

train had left her, was beginning, like Marianna in the Moated Grange, to "grow weary." like Moated Grange, to bought at second hand for their show window. They sent me down to fetch it home, and when it came on to storm so hard I was afeared of the wax washing a stiffly-starched lace cap border, who was stoning raisins for mince pies with a sort of dull diligence.
"Well, no, miss, not often. But the alongside of the driver. Just look here,

And he briskly hauled out the dummy as he spoke-a "three-quarter size, And she stirred the fire and lighted a with a very pale complexion, with bushy black whiskers, and eyelashes at Rachel broke out into hysterical

think of, and in this stage of enforced idleness her mind seemed to grow preternaturally active.

langhter.

"O!" cried she, "what a fool I have been! But I was so frightened!"

And Miss Rachel Hall reached St. Adelgitha's Academy without any

But to the day of her death she could never recall that half hour of night and

Bric-a-Brac.

Travelers are much amused at the Travelers are much amused at the apparent apathy of the Brazilian shop- keepers. If they are engaged, as now is not unfrequently the case, in talking politics or reading a newspaper, or perhaps only enjoying a cool seat in the back of their shop, they will often say they have not the article inquired for, rather than rise to fetch it and if the rather than rise to fetch it; and if the customer persists to point it out in the shop, he is coolly desired to get it him-

self, and lay down the money.

Every club in London has its characteristics, and when the members of one accept the hospitality of another during the yearly renovation of their club houses, these characteristics are quickly noticed by the strangers. In one club, states the London World, it is the fashion to hang up one's hat in the hall; in another, to keep it under one's chair; here a shooting coat is permitted; there the diners appear in the regulation claw-hammer coat; tobacco is sometimes banished to the garret, sometimes allowed everywhere but in the coffee room; beer in pewter pots would be rank heresy in this house; to read a book at

table considered extraordinary in that. Chinese and Siam aristocrats invariably wear long finger nails. gers?" she asked, trying to peer into the pitchy darkness of the stage-coach, as the driver stood by the open door.
"Only one, miss," said he, with a grin; for Geneva Heights. And he won't trouble you, I guess. Look lively, if you please, miss. We're half an hour trouble you, is guess. We're half an hour trouble you, is guess. The hand of an Annamite dandy has nails four or five inches in length, the thumb-nail has a characteristic snape, and that of the first finger is cut short to enable the person to pick up small objects. Without this slight alteration the hands would be nearly useless. Nails "We've lighted it twice, miss," said of still greater enormity may be seen. They are said to have attained the exit out. And besides that, miss, it ain't traordinary length of thirteen inches, and in this case the nail of the first

finger is not entirely cut off. finger is not entirely cut off.

An Indian prince during the Sepoy rebellion was besieging some English troops, and finding his bullets coming to an end, suddenly bethought him of a pile of tin canisters that he had somewhere captured, and which, as is usual, he rammed whole into his cannon, supposing that the tin cans were all freighted with canister shot. What was the amazement of the beseiged the next morning to find that the old rebel was firing into their camp potted lobster, jugged hare, anchovy and bloater paste, venison, pickled herrings, nicely cooked grouse, chow-chow, and other delicacies of the table. The canisters contained nothing but here extended anothing but here extended. nothing but hermetically sealed provisions, and the storm of victuals lasted

for three days. Borrow a watch. Examine it to form an idea of its value; then offer to lay the owner a wager considerably less than the value of the watch that he does not There was no answer.

"He didn't hear me," she thought, and repeated her remark in a little fouder tone.

Still there was no response.

"Deaf, perhaps," thought she.

"Well, I shall not try it again."

But she began to grow terribly nervous and uncomforable in the horrible gloom and silence that seep to wrap around her like a shroud, and all sorts of grisly possibilities began to occur to her abnormally-excited fancy.

"Could it be," she thought, "that"

the value of the watch that he does not answer three times consecutively, "My watch." Present him the watch and ask, "What is this?" He will not fail to answer, "My watch. Afterward present some other object, asking the same question. If he names the object you have presented, he has lost the wager; but if, on the contrary, he is upon his guard and says "My watch," he evidently must win. You must then say, "You are sure to win; but, supposing i lose, what will you give me?" If he remies, "My watch," take it, and leave hilp the wager that was staked. The Corrected Wash List.

One great Expositional trial is making out your wash list. Especially if it be a connubial washing list. Must make out two lists, one in English to keep and one in French to give washwomen. Fearful tendency of Paris washwomen to bring back clothes minus collars, cuffs and handkerchiefs. Not the place here to speak of quality of washing. It's ruinous, though. Rots things. Making out a washing list in two languages, one of which you know and t'other you don't, is a regular weekly misery. Oscillation at such times regular and constant from French and English dictionary of clothes, and thence to caroming back on concierge for further information. Thus:

Wife—Now, dear, we must make out that washing list.

(Cinctiousi Daily Times.)

Kitty and I were girls once, young girls; it was when cotton delaines and tallow candles were fashionable. To night when I think of it, it seems so far in the distance, the time when we rode behind sleighbells and went to surprise parties and played consequences and romance in private, that I wonder if I am Polly and she is Kitty.

Twenty years ago the silver moon hung dreamily over our sleepy village when we went to parties, candy pullings and rag-cuttings at seven o'clock in the evening; the bark of a startled dog or the scraping of a saw or the sound of an ax at some neighbor's woodpile was all that broke the stillness. The boys then all cut and split the wood and carried it to the kitchen wood-box for mornings, and brought in fragrant moss-

that washing list.
. Husband—Oh, confound the washing

Wife-One tablecloth. Husband - Tablecloth, tablecloth. What's that. (Going to dictionary.) Nappe. It's nappe. I've got that coralled in French. What next?

Wife-Shires. Husband-Howmany? That's chemise in French. How many chemises? Wife-There's four of yours, but-

Husband-But what? Wife—Why, what shall I call my— Husband — Got to call 'em all chemises. Shirts all one common gender in France. That makes seven. Now,

Wife-Four pairs of long stockings and five of your socks, you know.

Husband - All right. That makes
nine pairs of mouchoirs. Hurry up
now with the rest. Seven men waiting

to see me, you know.

Wife (doubting)—Are you quite certain that "mouchoirs" is French for stockings? It seems to me we didn't

pairs of gentleman's cuffs. Husband—Cuffs, cuffs. Let's see. Lapse of four days. Gallic washer-woman brings things home with list re-

vised and corrected. Wife (to husband)-Now, do help me see if our things have all come home. Husband-Very well. Only don't be any longer than you can help. Four men waiting to see me this evening. Wife—Here's the nine pairs of mou-

choirs all right. Husband (looking over the list)— to put on a tangible form; in Mouchoirs, mouchoirs—what's it all scratched out for?

Washerwoman now babbles French, Adonises could not be preserved even as Washerwoman now babbles French.

which neither understands, pantomimes choirs, which turns out to be handker-

Wife-There, I knew you were wrong when you put that down last week.

Husband—Well, what in thunder are stockings then? (To washwoman)— and laid them by forever. We put on Madame, kesk kuk say kuk voo zapplay green spectacles, looked these two substockings-long stockings? Washerwoman—Bas, Monsieur,

nadame bas! Husband - Bah? It's all bah in French. Why don't they call such things by some sensible name? What's

Wife-My dear, it means draw-Husband-What, both kinds? Wife—Yes, you fool, you! Husband—Well, this is a queer country for confounding all distinctions of JOHN THOMAS.

The Glove Language.

The English girls have improved upon

the language of the fan and the handkerchief by devising a very copious vocabulary of the glove. It runs thus: Dropa glove-Yes. Crumple the gloves in the right hand

Half unglove the left hand-Indiffer-

Tap the left shoulder with the gloves Tap the chin with the gloves-I love

you no longer. Turn the gloves inside out-I hate you. Fold the gloves neatly-I should like

Put on the left glove, leaving the thumb uncovered Do you love me?
Drop both gloves—I love you.
Twiri the gloves round the fingers-

Be careful: we are watched. Slap the back of the hand with gloves-I am vexed. Take a glove in each hand and separ-

ate the hands-I am furious. FANS are the cheapest luxury of the and fanning became a fact. The fan was rhythm, and 1 carried my point. used as a standard in war, and in peace transit gloria mundi. the fan assisted the priests in the temple, both to raise a cooling breeze and to guard the sacred offerings from the contamination of noxious insects. In Egypt the fan of the priest of Isis was made of feathers of different length, spread out in the form of a semicircle, but pointed at the top. It was waved by a female slave. Among the Romans, slaves cooled the room and kept away flies during meal time with fans. In the days of Louis XIV and XV fans glistened with gilding and gems, and were ornamented by Boucher and Watteau. These works of art were often sold at as high a figure as seventy-five dollars. The Chinese and French are the great rivals in fan-making. To such a degree of excellence has it arrived in France that a fan selling for one cent goes through twenty differ-ent operations, performed by as many pairs of hands.

THE gay soul of dissipation never had a thought unselfish.

Kitty and L.

mornings, and brought in fragrant moss-covered chips for kindling—they remem-

Husband—Oh, confound the washing list! Can't you make it out by this time? Must I be forever buying dictionaries and grammars for nothing?

Wife—Well, if you can't help me make it out, you needn't expect more than half your collars and cuffs pext week.

Husband (with pencil, paper and severe expression of countenance)—Let's make it out then. I'm in a hurry. Got seven men to see this morning. Call off the duds!

Wife—One tablecloth.

covered chips for kindling—they remember it.

The stars were our lamps while we girls dressed in our tidy seven-yard calico frocks and aprons. How we used to shiver while the fire seemed so slow: and how beautifully Jack Frost wreathed our little square panes with his fantastic ferns and flowers? Nothing so lovely now. Has "distance ent enchantment?" Perhaps so. How the ice-crusts on the door latches skinned our tender fingers; for houses then were not air-tight. How we dreamed fantastic dreams while we we dreamed fantastic dreams while we thawed the ice in the water bucket, and or arabesque figures. awoke walking in the rosy dawn to the barn for an egg to clear the coffee.

Coming up the yard, I used to stop and laugh to see Kitty across the paling catching her breath and panting over the basin of water that, in January brought such lovely roses to our cheeks What crisp mush we fried! Alas! those tender buckwheat cakes; that amber coffee, rich with cream; those vanished breakfasts in the little lowceiling dining-room! After breakfast we girls put on hoods and mittens and swept the snow from around the house, or the litter, if there was no snow; while the boys went "down town to open up the stores." Those brisk winter morn-ings we swept and dusted, and rubbed the brass andirons and candlesticks, and baked and did everything; but in the afternoons-it seems to me, lately, my eyes are growing weak, for I can't tell now where my pen is running. Paul says we are growing old, but Paul is so prosy, not a particle of sentiment about him; he will persist in calling my pot of mignonette my crock of fennel, though I have tried for seventeen years Husband—All right. Six bas in to show him the difference—even got French. They're down. Next article. out my old botany one day and analyzed Wife-Four pairs of ladies and four them for him, and told him one was a flower and the other a weed --those sunny afternoons Kitty and I sat What's cuff in French? (Recourse to the dictionary.) Oh! there it is—manichettes. We'll put them down four pairs manchettes, pour homme; four pairs ditto, pour femme; that'll pass I guess. Now you can get along with the rest, can't you. Seven men. (Departs.)

Lapse of four days. Gallic washer-manacher this explanation of the present day would make big eyes at them. So noble, so majes-manacher this explanation in our village parlor, hers or mine, and in our village parlor, hers or mine, and embroidered flouncing, built air-castles, would exhaus the whole our shadowy husbands to suit ourselves.

What Adonises grew up before that blazing, roaring old wood fire! Even the girls of the present day would make big eyes at them. So noble, so majes-manacher this explanation in our village parlor, hers or mine, and in our village parlor, hers or mine, and embroidered flouncing, built air-castles, would certainly the heiress be.

A woman witnessed an earthquake venezuela last month, and when to upheaval had ceased and the reverb ation stopped she exclaimed: "Oh, he sweet! It's too lovely for anything."

The sweet where the rest walset except around the mbroidered flouncing, built air-castles, would certainly the heiress be.

A woman witnessed an earthquake venezuela last month, and when to upheaval had ceased and the reverb ation stopped she exclaimed: "Oh, he sweet! It's too lovely for anything." tic, so learned, so brave, Cornelia might have claimed them. DeCourcy and Montmorenci were the names of these phantoms, or what in the more re

fined language of the present day would be called spooks. But DeCourcy and Montmorenci, after keeping us in expectation like pensive lovelorn damsels for some time, failed and corrects. Shows the real mou- portfolios. The small comfort of look-

ing at them in this dry way was denied us by cruel fate. So at last when one day in their stead came Paul Jones and stantial stern realities of two hundred pounds each squarely in the face and took them for better or worse. We put by our idols, our castles melted in thin

Kitty, with her sunny eyes and flaxen this! Pantaloons, five pairs. I never put five pairs of pantaloons in last week's wash.

Wife—My dear, it means down as eye can reach, is quite marshy, and covered with a green scum at times, and the frogs sing her to rest on summer nights. She has nursed six little tow-haired Hoosiers throu h measles, chicken-pox, and whooping-cough The most old-fashioned sticklers for

woman's true mission cou'd ask no purer ife of domestic usefulness than Kitty's. I am proud to make this tribute to a

true woman. Her coach, of unique design, is commodious (she always hinted it should be after the old style) that besides the family of eight and a hired hand, it will convey divers old harness, broken chairs and clocks, bags of flour, crocks of butter, turkeys, and so forth, to the neighboring county-town on market days, or, in fact, on any day at all when the team is not ordered to the field by

Mr. Brown. Paul is kept pretty busy feeding and shoeing seven growing Buckeyes. His time isn't entirely consumed in teaching the olive branches Latin and German, and mythology and poetry, as De-Courcy's was to have been. And I must confess the little Joneses haven't all marble brows, and golden curls, and Grecian features; in fact their noses are all slightly retrousse—Paul says pug—their hair is neither a decided black nor yet auburn, and they are all in-clined to freckle like other children. day. The Chinese have given us an article, well-made of bamboo and embellished paper, that may be had for two nickels. When the cost of important distributions are chiefly confined to freezie like other chindren. But Hortense, the oldest girl, rubs their faces, before retiring, with tansy leaves, steeped in buttermilk. My evening entertainments are chiefly confined to the tation is considered the pay of labor in children and Webster's spelling-book. China is apparent. Fans are said to have originated in China three thousand dreams by eight o'clock. But when my years ago. At a feast of lanterns the lovely Kansi found the heat as oppressive that, contrary to all ctiquette, she took off her mask. Partly to hide her blushes and partly to cool her heated face she honor of his phantasmagorical relative. and partly to cool her heated face she agitated the mask before her nose. The thing became epidemic. Ten thousand hands at once held ten thousand masks,

JOSH BILLINGS will have to look well to his laurels, as the following letter by a boy indicates a rising gentus in hi particular line: "dea uncle george
please get me a newfoundland dog. i
want a puppy I hope you are all well
like i am i go to school now and have
recess. i am bad off for the dog. send
him as soon as you can. I send my love
to you for christ sake amen. send me a
boy dog Rolert S. H."

THE latest songs in England are, "Oh Place a Mustard Plaster on My Chest' and "The Girl in the Eelskin Dress." They are hardly up to the standard of American ditties, however, such as "You Don't Wanta Candle for a Job Like That."

THE Spitz dog is going about (among the newspapers), chawing up the hind parts of trowsers, and disseminating hydrophobia.

FANCIES FOR THE FAIR.

BUNTING and debege are the favorite materials for plain woolen summer

THE side satchel of velvet or morocco is always appropriate for traveling cos-Fon the warmest weather, linen and lawn traveling suits are preferable for

short journeys. FLORAL garnitures for bridal toilets are composed of white hawthorne, and orange blossoms and myrtle leaves.

WEBB HAYES is to marry an Ohio woman, which looks very much as if the men had given out.— Danbury News.

"WEBB HAYES is to marry an Ohio woman, which looks very much as if the men had given out.—Danbury News.

"Webb Freedom from her mountain height Unforded her andard to the air.—"
She little thought a woman's hand.
Would ever claw a fe low's hair.

THE present fashion of waistcoats makes it convenient to remodel old basques which have become soiled in

Swinging side pockets of velvet with silver clasps are suspended by silver charms to the waistcoat of cutaway incket costumes.

It is a popular delusion that p wder on a lady's face has the same effect that it has in the barrel of a musket-it assists her in going off. PERCALE and lawn in delicate solid

colors have borderings for the flounces either in floral designs or with set Greek THE wolf, says a Russian proverb,

changes its hair every year. The young lady of the period does better; she changes hers every afternoon. LADIES' watch-chains are now fastened in the button-hole with a gold bar in-stead of being put around the neck or attached to the chatelaine pin as

formerly. ELDER sister—"Oh, you fancy your-self very wise, I dare say, my dear, but I could give you a wrinkle or two." Younger sister—"No doubt—and never

THE ladies' hats at Newport are worn fore and aft, tipped up and tipped down, wrong side out and fore side too, with crowns and without, with puffs of

OH. be an ardent lover was;
He worshiped every inch of ground
Whereon the maiden trod, breause
She never wals et except around
The place whereof he knew that she
Would certainly the heiress be.

A woman witnessed an earthquake in Venezuela last month, and when the upheaval had ceased and the reverber-ation stopped she exclaimed: "Oh, how

'Tis sweet when the ross drops to sleep,
And swift to its nest files the dove.

When the first star from heaves doth peep,
And bosoms are shrobbing with love, To sit with your fair one, who beams
With the powerful sweetness of yore,
And glide into loveliest of dreams.
As she tickles your nose with a straw

CONCERNING the suspension of the Chicago Evening Post, under the man-agement of ladies, the Columbus Journal says: "The publication of six papers a week, with all the hard work and exactions incident thereto, is incompatible charming young girl. She was congentle attributes and sweet temper of the softer sex." This is a most Puritanical of Puritan families, very good joke; but the solemn fact is that the Post was very well managed morning in spring he invited her to take while the ladies had it, and that it died in spite of them instead of because of them. It was, in fact, dead before they took it .- New York Graphic.

LOVE'S BLINDNESS. LOVE'S BLINDNESS.

Now do I know that Love is blind, for I
Cao see no beauty on this besuteous earth,
No life, no light, no hopefulness, no mirth.
Pleasure rar purpose, when thou art not nigh.
Thy absence exites sunshive from the aky,
Seres Spring's maturity, checks Summer a birth,
L avet linust's pie as sad as plover a cry,
Ant makes me in abundance find but dearth.
But when thy feet flutter the dark and thou
With orioutayes cawnest on my distress,
Suddenly sings a bird on every bough,
The heavens expand, the earth grows less and less,
The ground is tuoyant as the air, I vow,
And all looks lovely in thy loveliness.

—Alfred Austin.

said to have been hit upon a great many centuries ago at a certain Feast of Lanterns in China, where the beautiful Kan-si, daughter of an eminent man-darin, found herself so warm that, contrary to all etiquette, she was obliged to take off her mask, with which-partly to hide her blushes, partly to cool her heated face—she commenced upon her-self the process which we now call "fanning." The action was seen and "fanning." The action was seen and admired by Kan-si's young companions; and at once, says the legand, "ten thousand hands agitated ten thousand

masks. A YOUNG gentleman who was engaged A Young gentleman who was engaged to two young ladies in Watertown, New York, has had a very narrow escape. A near relative of one of the prospective brides learned one day of the existence of a rival and her claims upon him. Soon afterward the faithless beau with two strings called at the house, and was collared by the irascible relative and collared by the irascible relative and ordered to marry the girl then and there, under penalty of being shot if he refused. The handsome man was only too happy to do the old gentleman the favor. He said he would just as soon marry the girl as not, but would like to get shaved so as to look respectable on such an occasion. The old gentleman went but to fetch a minister, and the bridgersoom was allowed to go out for a bridegroom was allowed to go out for a shave. The minister and his guide returned and waited for the young man.
Waited anxiously and in vain, for he
had hired a buggy, driven to the station,
and taken the first train for New York It was a close shave.

The Old Folks at Home. is Correspondence of the Baltimore Bulletin. In the Egyptian pavilion a marvelous specimen of the old folks at home can be viewed. It is a model of a dwelling-nouse in the time of Abraham. It is said to be so real that were Isaac to ever visit the Promised Land of Trocadero, and provided with a franc ticket, he and provided with a franc ticket, he might enter the house in question and find it just as if he had only left it. Mariette Bey, the celebrated archæologist, has set up this tabernacle from finds of ancient architecture. Diamonds and pictures are catalogued as carefully as Durham oxes and Dishley rams; so with Mariette Bey, he has the redigree of all Durham oxes and Dishley rams; so with Mariette Bey, he has the pedigree of all building stones discovered in the land of the Pharaohs, and he concludes the Egyptian architecture was in its decline in the time of Father Abraham. In a like manner Mariette Bey supplies sketches of agriculture, trade, commerce, and fine arts of the ancient Egyptians; nor are their pastimes neglected; bobbing, not for eels, but crocodiies and hippopotamuses, was a plucky and common amusement, and often the linesman was taken, when he failed to take. A "bite" was then a serious matter. Izaak Walton makes no allusion to this manly sport.

Among the Arabians serpents were supposed to possess precious stones of inestimable virtu. This belief was current through many ages. Matthew Paris relates the story of a miserty Venetian, named Vitalis, who was rescued from a terrible death—having fallen into a pit in which were a lion and a serpent—by a wood-cutter, to whom he promised half his property for this deliverance. The lion and the serpent, who take advantage of the ladder by which Vitalis is brought to the surface, also testify their gratitude to the wood cutter by crouching at his feet. While this poor man is having his humble repast in his little hut, the lion enters with a dead goat as a present. The scrpent also enters, bringing in his mouth a precious stone, which he lays in the countryman's plate. He next goes to Venice, and finds Vitalis, in his place, feasting with his neighbors in joy for his deliverance. On being reminded of his promise, the rich man denies having seen the wood-cutter, and orders his servants to cast him into prison; but before this could be effected the rustic escapes, and tells his story to the Judges of the city. At first they are incredulous; but on showing the jewel, and proving further the truth by conducting them to the den of the lion and the serpent, where the animals again fawn on their benefactor, Vitalis is compelled to perform his promise.

In Timberlake's Discourse of the So000.000. Among the Arabians serpents were

to perform his promise. In Timberlake's Discourse of the In Timberlake's Discourse of the Travels of two English Pilgrims to Jerusalem, Gaza, etc., 1611, we find an account of a great jewel which was taken from a serpent's head, and used in conjuring. In Alphonso's Clericalis Disciplina a serpent is mentioned with eyes of real jacinth. In the romantic history of Alexander, he is said to have found of Alexander, he is said to have found serpents in the Vale of Jordan "with collars of huge emeralds growing on

their backs." Allusions to serpent-stones are fre quent in the early writers. We read in the Gesta Romanorum that the Emperor Theodosius the Blind ordained that the cause of any injured person should be heard on his ringing a bell which was placed in a public part of his palace. A hair poked through.

SMALL bouguets of different kinds of flowers are made to give the finishing touch to every elegant toilet this season. They are fastened on the left side of the bodice with a porte bouquet.

CROSSBAREED and dotted Swiss muslin dresses are trimmed with Smyrns or lined to the control of the serpent at the serpent, twisting itself round the rope, rang the bell for justice, and by the Emperor's special command the toy the Emperor lin dresses are trimmed with Smyrna or fine torchon lace, and are worn for the most part over silesia or long slips of colored pink, blue, or mauve.

Ou. be an ardent lover was;
He worshiped every inch of ground Whereon the maiden trod, breause
She never walset except around toad was killed. A few days arterward, as the Emperor was reposing on his couch, the serpent entered the chamber bearing a precious stone in its mouth, and, crawling up to the Emperor's face, laid it on his eyes and glided out of the apartment; the monarch was immediately restored to sight.

A Woman's Conscientiousness. [Haverhill (Mass.) Gazette.]

Perhaps the reader has noticed while journeying upon the Boston and Lowell Railroad, at Willow Bridge, Somerville, a plain but substantial brick house upon the hill, only a moment's walk from the station. Its doors have not been opened for twelve years. Twelve years ago one of the brightest and smartest mechanics to be found in our bustling city-young, handsome, whose apparent fortune was his daily wages, of which he was very careful, saving all he could for the bright object of his life, which was to marry her whom he had won, as soon as scientious to a fault, brought up in the morning in spring he invited her to take a drive in the suburbs. They halted after an hour's drive in front of this house. He asked how she liked it. Of course she wished it was theirs; they could be so happy if they only had a home like that. He invited her in. The house had just been completed and very nicely furnished. Judge of her surprise when he quietly informed her that the property was his, that he owned it. Why she was completely dumfounded, and, of course, wanted an explanation. How, when did he come in possession of so much property? He tried to avoid the question, but she was firm. He finally told her that he drew \$20,000 in some lottery scheme, and with its funds built and furnished this home for her. She turned upon him as though he was the veriest gambler, vowing then and there that she would never be his wife until he gave back the property he had gained by what she termed unlawful meaus. She scorned all efforts of his to occupy the house. They separated; parted at the door, which has not been opened since. The furniture remains the same to-day as when they left it twelve years ago, except what age has done. Both are wanderers upon the face of the earth, both lives blasted.

The Novel Sentence of a Humorous Police Master.

and other market women have long en-

joyed a reputation for truculence of speech and wanner, not only in England, but in most parts of the world. A Russian Colonel, who has lately been appointed Chief Police Master of one of the most recoulers to the most recoulers. the most populous towns of the Baltic provinces, has hit upon a very novel, but truly Oriental plan for the civiliza-tion of these irritable dames. He knew that preaching a moral homily would be of no use whatever where the hearers were two women who were cursing one another at the rate of one hundred and twenty words a minute, and who were only prevented from tearing one another's faces by the strong arm of the police. "You must be locked up in one and the same cell until you have kissed each other." This was invariably the sentence of the new magistrate in every each other." This was invariably the sentence of the new magistrate in every case of female broil which was brought before him. He knew very well that although kissing one another is a habit with male Russians, it is not much in use with the women of Muscovy, least of all with the fishwives. The excited ladies were hurried off, railed for a time loader than ever protested that they louder than ever, protested that they would die sooner than give this humiliatwould die sooner than give this humiliating sign of reconciliation, and then, after a few hours' confinement, called the jailer, and informed him that they had "kissed." As the conciliatory act was effected in the dark, for the sake of procuring liberty, and without the presence of witnesses, the fishwives were informed that they must repeat the kiss publicly in the open market place. A small fine was then taken from each, and they were marched out into the A small fine was then taken from each, and they were marched out into the mercantile areopagus, and were then compelled, in the midst of their sisters in trade, to kiss each other three times, and to give a public promise of future peaceableness. At the end of six weeks, during which period this curious penalty was frequently imposed, not a single authreak of a market wife battle occurred within the jurisdiction of the humorous police master. umorous police master.

PERHAPS Mr. Bryant had an unusually stinct prescionce of July weather when e expressed a wish to die in June.

BY MES. W. H. ROWE.

QUEEN MERCEDES left her husband \$5,000,000.

NEWPORT and Lake George both prom se a poor season. ICE-CEEAM done up in vegetable shapes is a restaurant fancy.

BUDDHISM is the most widely extended

eligion on the earth. ICE-CREAM dealers say this is the best eason for many years.

To read without reflecting is like eatng without digestion. Persons often lack courage to appear as good as they really are.

AUNT SALLY is the popular target practice with bow and arrow.

THERE are seventy-two female post-masters in the United States. SIXTEEN curves or turns of the pen is the average in writing a word.

THE pen of a rapid writer travels six-teen and a half feet per minute. COLONEL FORNEY says a dissipated public man is a rarity in France.

Sounds are distinct at twice the disance on water they are on land. THE individual chiefly anxious to see the rule laid down is the school-boy. A GOOD penman makes twenty-eight thousand turns with his pen in an hour. BASE BALL doesn't take in Germany, and there are no clubs in that country. It is said that there is not the usual promise of profit this season at Newport. REST satisfied with doing well, and leave others to talk of you as they will.

HOSPITALITY, whisky and watermelons are recommended as Indian exterminators.—Breakfast Table. A BRAVE man is one who is not afraid to wear old clothes until he can afford to buy new. All editors are heroes.

THE summer every-day suit of a Madagascar gentleman costs only fifteen cents, and twelve of those are laid out for a ICE is regarded as a prime necessity in

Bombay, and the supply is obtained from this country, being shipped chiefly from Boston. Vanderbilt now controls railroad and telegraph companies having a capital of \$238,070,479.

"MA," said a little girl, "what is all this fuss about trade-marks? Is it trademarks that makes so many wrinkles in pa's forhead ?" "I wish to be a friend to the friend-

iess, a father to the fatherless, and a widow to the widowless," said a gashing speaker at a recent revival meeting. A SCHOOLMISTRESS once asked a pupil to tell
What words the letters S double E spell.
The child was but dull, and so mistress cries,
"What is it, you donce, I do with any oyes?"
"O, yes," says the child, quickly taking the hint,
"I know toe word now, ma'am—S double E,
squint:"

"WELL" remarked a city philosopher during the progress of a scorching sun spot, "when I can't get cool any other way I go home and have a breeze with my wife."

"WHAT'S the use of a man painting his name on his sign twice?" said a gen-tleman to his friend, as he pointed to a sign which read, "J. E. Weller,

A FRENCH cynic defines a physician as an unfortunate gentleman who is expected every day to perform a miracle,—to reconcile health with intemperance. There is too much truth in the Frenchman's sarcasm. SINCE Mr. Edison has started out in earnest on a hunt after noises, a suffer-

ing world will appeal to him to turn his attention to the back-yard cat problem as soon as he shall have finished with The London Glabe says: Fishwives the elevated railway. Or every thousand men, twenty die annually. The population of a city or country is renewed once in thirty years. The number of old men who die in cold weather is to those who die in warm

weather as seven to four. WHEN the Persians under Xerxes invaded Greece, their haughty General sent these words to Leonidas, the commander of the Grecian forces: "Surrender your arms." Leonidas wrote and returned the answer on the same paper:

'Come and take them." A UTAH husband intimated that he would get a divorce because his wife did not tell him before marriage that one of her arms was badly scarred. He now tries to make his neighbors believe his nose got caught in the chink while he

was hanging a new patent farm gal Breakfast Table. "I AROSE at six o'clock this mor "I AROSE at six o'clock this morning and see what I found in taking a walk in the highway," said the fond father, displaying a silver dollar; "is that not proof of the advisability of early rising?"
"No," replied the son. "And why?" asked the father, just as people always do in fables and Sunday school stories.
"Because the fellow who lost it," boldly replied the son. "got up too blamed early replied the son, "got up too blame for his own good."—Puck.

THE Mississippi plan of collecting taxes upon drinks differs from the Moffet and Clarke systems. Books of coupons are sold by the State Auditor to zll liquor dealers. When a drink is sold the consumer receives a coupon, which entitles him to receive from the State, in payment of his taxes, one cent. If two drinks are to be paid for he receives an orange-colored coupon good for two cents. If five drinks, a blue paper, good for five cents. Not only does the State enjoy an income from the 'ax on drinks but the consumer has a reasonable chance of paying off his taxes with able chance of paying off his taxes with the orange and blue coupons. The saloons are crowded all the time with men making out their taxes.

AJAX defied the lightning, and the lightning-rod man defies all creation.